

# The Highway-man.

To which is Added,  
The LOVERS MEETING,  
The new VAGARY O,  
MOURNEEN NA GRUAGA  
BAWNE.



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## The LOVERS MEETING.



ON a Summers Day, as late I wander'd,  
Down by yon murmuring fountain's side,  
Where resplendant Phoebus did cast his beams,  
The pink and daisy display'd their pride.  
I spy'd a damsel whose lovely features,  
Might sure engage all the Knights in Troy,  
And without her favour or hopes to gain her,  
Sly Cupid's arrow would me destroy.

She appear'd like Helen, that royal female,  
Her beauty did so resplendent shine,  
Her slender waist, and her carriage chaste,  
Persuaded me that she was divine,  
The blushing rose with the lily vying,  
Most gaudily on her cheeks did blow,  
Each lovely feature of this fair creature,  
Combin'd to work my sad overthrow.

Her golden tresses in ringlets weaving,  
Down on her shoulders and waste did fall,  
Like Appollo bright, she did yield delight,  
Who smiling gladdens this earthly hall:  
This matchless fair I could not compare,  
To the brightest beauty of high degree,  
To all superior, and not inferior,  
Unto fair Venus's great majesty.

With looks so tender she then address'd me,  
And says, young man why so much surpris'd,  
You may think it strange but I freely range,  
And my words and actions no way disguise,  
O'er hill and mountain, along each fountain,  
I wander'd, seeking the road to love.

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And now 'tis you that has stuck my view,

You are the man that I do approve,

I then replied, divinest creature,

Why do you mock your most humble slave,

To adore your beauty it is my duty,

But to enjoy you I ne'er can crave,

She cries come with me to yonder arbour,

Beneath the shade of yon spreading tree,

While life endures, I will still be yours,

And no other man shall e'er wed with me.

I then arose, and did quickly follow,

Her to the arbour, with eager haste,

She seem'd complying, no way denying,

While in my arms I her embrac'd,

We sat us down on a bed of roses,

The pretty birds sung on every tree,

Says she, young sailor, I'll now discover,

What I have suffer'd for love of thee.

Fearless of danger, when first you sailed,

On board the Hillsborough privateer,

Myself I ventur'd, and with you enter'd,

That my true love I might still be near,

You know the ninth day that we sailed,

A lofty Frenchman we did espy,

With sword in hand we did boldly stand,

Resolv'd to conquer or to die.

For three long hours in smok and fire,

All death and danger we defy'd,

And victoriously I fought with thee,

A true companion by your side,

You know your comrade there was wounded,

Behold the scar love upon my breast,

Our prize we bore to the Irish shore,

But to part with you I was sore distress'd.

The wounded men to land were order'd,

And I amongst the rest must go,

There to remain till you return again,

To heal my anguish and cure my woe,

An ample fortune at my disposal,



My dearest charmer I now resign,  
 Since war is over, no more a rover,  
 My lovely sailor at length is mine,  
 I do remember a valiant sailor,  
 My chief companion amongst our crew,  
 Joy beyond measure my dearest treasure,  
 How happy am I to find 'twas you,  
 Then hand in hand this happy couple,  
 To church repaired immediately;  
 And void of strife their future life,  
 They passed in love and felicity.

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### MOURNEEN NA GRUAGA BAWNE.

**D**OWN by a river side there dwells a lovely bride  
 No beauty can excel this damsel,  
 The beams sprung from her eyes, would dazzle  
 your sight,

Like Phoebus of a summer's morning,  
 Her snowy milk white breast, rising from her chest,  
 Her ruby lips are so charming;  
 The black bird and the thrush, in concert on each  
 bush,

As she roves along the groves and gardens.

I think the day too long, that I cannot march on  
 And pay a visit to my darling,

To take her by the hand, and have her at command  
 Or joined by the holy order,

She's fairer than the swan, she's milder than the  
 lamb,

She's beautiful, discreet and charming,

If she went to Rotterdam I'd follow her by land,

She's Murneen na Gruaga Bawne.

Woe to you Martin Roe, I never thought you so,  
 Stubborn or ill-natured,

But you'd come and visit me, in sweet unity,

As I was your lovely creature,

But young men now I find, differ in their mind,

And oftimes prove deceitful,  
 For the sake of geer, he's left me in despair,  
 No other shall ever take me,

On a mountain clear, this virgin did appear,  
 Like Phoebus first adorning.  
 Numbers of young men she has left in pain,  
 No doctor here can hail them,  
 Her eyes are as black as flies, her cheeks are like  
 the rose,

She's all divine and charming,  
 Thro' the nations round her praise I'll sound,  
 Shee Murneen na Gruaga Bawne.

In Ballinahinch there lives a maid of great sur-  
 prize

The Sun seems dark all round her,  
 If my snare I could set right, I'd have her for my  
 bride,

To comfort me both night and morning:  
 The heavy drops of dew on the mountain she goes  
 thro'

All in months of June or August;

No persuasions now will do to part me from my  
 jewel,

Shee Murneen na Gruaga Bawne.

This maid she has got free of all injury,

Tho' closely she has been surrounded,

All her friends I know would prove her overthrow,  
 And plead in fire against her,

Her comely pretty face that's daily mark'd with  
 grace,

No sorrow shall more condemn her,

To-morrow you will see in sweet unity,

I'll make her my bride in comfort.

### The HIGH-WAY-MAN.

**I**N Newry town I was rear'd and born,  
 In London now I die in scorn;

I served my time to the sadling trade,  
And was always counted a flashy blade.

At seventeen I took a wife,  
And lov'd her dear as I love my life,  
And to maintain her fine and gay,  
Dukes, Lords and Earls I made to pay.

For when my cash it did run low,  
To the highway I was forc'd to go,  
Where I robb'd lords and ladies bright,  
And brought the gold to my heart's delight.

Hounslow-Heath I did resort,  
But mostly in St. James's Park,  
Where I robb'd lords and ladies gay,  
Which brought me to this destiny.

Bold boys a thieving never go,  
To bring the Scamp-man's act so low,  
Be valiant still — be bold in heart,  
And ever take a poor man's part.

For I never robb'd a poor man yet,  
Nor never made a tradesman fret,  
I served the poor, and robb'd the great,  
Which brough me to this wretched fate.

I robb'd Lord Mansfield I do declare,  
And Lady Weldon in Grovesner-square,  
I shut up the chair, and bid them good night,  
And went to the play with my heart's  
delight.

As to Covent-Garden I stroll'd away,  
With my sweet girl to see the Play,  
Fielding's gang they did me pursue,  
And taken I was by his cursed crew,

My father cries I am undone,



My tender mother cries, my darling son,  
 My blooming girl tears her golden hair,  
 Saying, where shall I go? I'm in despair,  
 Now I'm cast and condemned to die,  
 Many a flash madam will for me cry,  
 But their sighs and tears will not comfort me  
 Nor save me from this fatal tree.

Now my passing bell does toll,  
 The Lord have mercy on my Soul,  
 Robbers my mourners all shall be,  
 Bold Tom's end now for to see.  
 When I am hang'd and gone to my grave,  
 A sumptuous funeral pray let me have,  
 There's none but robbers must come with  
 me,

Give them broad fwords and their liberty.

Twelve flashy girls to bear my pall,  
 Glve them white gloves and white ribbands  
 all,

When I am hang'd let them tell the truth,  
 There goes a bold and undaunted Youth.

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### The new VAGARY O.

**M**Y name is honest Harry O,  
 Mary I will marry O,  
 In spite of Nell, or Isabel,  
 I'll follow my own Vagary O,  
 With my jigdum jigdum airy O,  
 I love little Mary O,  
 In spite of Nell, or Isabel,

I'll follow my own Vagary O.  
 Straight she is and bonny O,  
 Sweet as Sugar candy O,  
 Fresh and gay, as flowers in May,  
 And I'm her Jack-a-dandy O,  
 With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.  
 Soon to Church I'll bring her O,  
 Where we'll wed together O,  
 And when that's done, we'll both  
 have fun,  
 In spite of wind or weather O.  
 With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.  
 So pleasantly they walked O.  
 Then he turned up his organs O,  
 So into bed with his maid O,  
 And still she cries dont tease me O,  
 With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.  
 Then he turn'd up his chanter O,  
 And still she cries cries you please me o  
 For you'r the buck has won my heart  
 And your my Jack-a-dandy O,  
 With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

F I N I S.

